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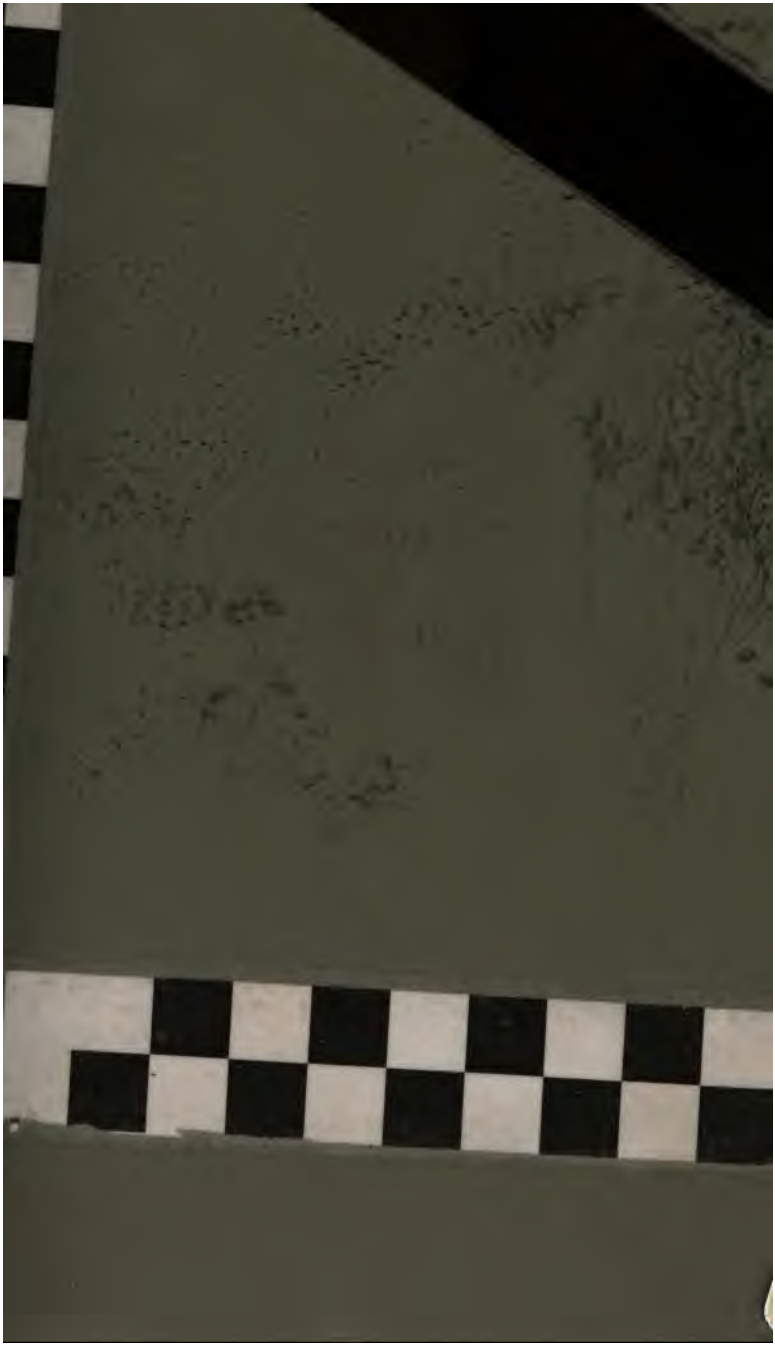

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NEW YORK
The Knickerbocker Press
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"FULFILLED"

Find Thyself Not Wanting.

Mark you—wise men sacrificed; heard:
Ye that live in thyself, hear the Word—
NO HONOR, NO GLORY, FROM YOU?
The time is drawing nigh,
When He will come from on High,
To be King of Earth.

King of all, King of Kings,—
Will establish His Kingdom for all things.
The trumpet sounds (ye Servants sing),
The coming of the Lord.

The way for Him has been prepared—
Christians have helped and have shared;
In building for His work they cared.—
Jew; find thyself not wanting.

Glory Hallelujah—Angels sing:
"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"—
Infidel; find thyself not wanting.

Glory in Heaven: an enthroned King:
(To an Ox's stall—to Earth's highest thing),
Let all that can—sing, ring.—
Mocker; find thyself not wanting.

God's Messengers went before thy face,—
Showing to thee, faith; grace.
Salvation (little heeded), to save the race.—
Doubter; find thyself not wanting.

Any that hindered they shall fall—
Those who hear have heard the call,
And did what was bid, not part, but all.—
Find thyself not wanting.

Ye that abide in palatial homes—
(Keeping obscure, from worthy poor,
From those who struggle to endure),
Find thyself not wanting.

Or for own glory, for own praise,
Continue on their different ways.
Find thyself not wanting.

Wrongdoers.

When others have sinned—to look down, disown:
Let those without sin cast the first stone.
When one has failed—all that 's been said:
When they themselves were not yet dead.

You may slight the Teaching,
And make light of Truth—
Law of gravity will cease;

What difference if never?
The LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS will be forever.

Those who were not led by WRONGDOERS,
Caused not after the both to moan.
Those who were, that are examples,
By saving them ye have saved your own.

Man's abusing—tobacco using; using drink:
At that time not rightly think.
They see the symptoms but not the cause:
Against their God—they ignore His Laws.

Taking to selves all to be had:
Been selfish too long, then 't is sad.
Taking advantage all they can take:
Hear the voice to do Right, pretend not awake.

Done much of nothing,
When could do something of much.
Done one thing, and have set ways,
When they 've talents for more; so end their days.

Love the World when 't is vanity love:
Not consider their Maker, and much ABOVE.
Use language that 's disdain:
Think of self, glory, and their fame.

For their improvement others prayed; wait:
Yet the disappointed hearts they break.
For their loved ones they 've cried and died;
And for some yet now some meditate.

Shown better, yet do the same;
Over and over—again, again;
But they will cease when they come
To untimely END.
After all that 's been done: (sacrifice—cost:
Raised; lifted:) again went down and "Lost."

High position, influence; all was well,
Yet turned their face down towards hell.—
When it is them that should have taken the stand,
Leading poor ones by the hand.—

After being tutored, taught, preached;
Turn good to bad, to worse.
(After a high plane they had reached.)
What they should not, they know, yet do;
Going, doing, the same, life through.

'T is done when done—'t is done:
The fast life on while strength to run.
Things that were made for good use:
Indulging themselves with much abuse.

Such as these marvel at others' works;
Become miserable—wreak; wreck.
To do they cannot—they have not
The Spirit; they the Spirit check.

They hate, and stone the serpent, but they have it
within;
Still, some do not repent—it is their sin.—
And when God worked—to some as a mystery;
Yet they warred at what they had to do.
Some they had life made (already history),
And they knew; but they did it not: the empty life
went through.

Many Kings and much greatness nothing availed;
Opportunity with advantage, yet they failed.
Many did, but nothing done;
They would not, yet they could.

These, they and them,
Rebelled God's perfect law.
Ages established—still condemn;
Wasting time to find a flaw.

Generations were going the same,
After they went—afore they came,
Yet consider themselves of importance much:
When God was; and things were such.

The tender Offsprings came; did go:
The Upright toiled to save them so.
Railed against the work to do—
Wanted to die before were through.

Came in the world, same as all;
But kept on going, doing wrong.
Against their Maker and Creator;
But they will not do it long.—

How dare ye swear and declare
(On the Bible lied; what was so, denied)
On God's work, His Holy Book?
Beware if ye advantage took.—
How dare ye curse on me or mine(!)
Vengeance is God's, it is not thine!

Infidels in themselves depend—
They stand stiff-kneed; will not bend.
(Lost their heads, losing their souls.)

The Jews . . . Christianity abhor and rend;
Yet Christ most illustrious of their kind.

Men know little of self, yet made in God's image.
Man honored by God, his God *dishonored*,
And the war of sin against Him wage.

God's breath of air they take,
Using it for a lie to make.
They know the wrong, yet it they do—
Died that way (and they stayed that way).

Many loosed the Yoke, but have the Burden;
Yet Salvation has been at hand.
Unseen Hosts have been awaiting decision;
And a King was ready to help them stand.

Some suffered the spirit—pushed aside the Book;—
Yet the greatest of all:—READ—LOOK.
They have had their way, they would remain;—
God picked His company just the same.

Creations, Inventions, in love with:—
Such things—no stability—a myth.
Preferring these that come; go:
Slighting that which they know.

Many see God's House: pass by, go their way;
When the ones of the church flourish in Heaven.
Cause for grief;
When time is brief.

Some howl with their heads on the bosom of night;
Expect in the morn to wake.
They walk God's earth, live, partake,
And war and rail against Him.

To one or a critic who would make fun—
(If you 're a Saint, you 've no need to read,)
And those with means, who sit; criticise,
At the poorer with efforts for Christ.
Such are unworthy and not wise.
They are falling short.
The scales are growing o'er their eyes;
When with one, is One, with the Work.

Love's Blindness.

Courted in silence:
His passion fed.
Charmed the Hero:
He lost his head.
Courted in silence without going:
She waits and not much said.

By a frail little finger great Bravo is led;
By a faint little word he did what she said.
From her fair little hand cupid arrow is sped;
The first look in his eyes his spirit she read.

When with her he 'd sigh, when time to part;
When not with her, he loved to start.
A little cross word would give him a dart—
A cross crossed word broke many a heart.

Enhanced: how they can talk and play—
(As in a trance); one wants to stay.
That time ye have it as will—own way.
Most married men lay aft and laugh.

Telling troubles what ye have or may;
And not being careful what ye say.
Introducing to all your fiancée—
Be sure, or you may have many a sad day.

Later you may see you went too fast:
Not thought at the first, but thought at the last.

If when so far done—then 't is done:
Had the time of thy life—satisfaction.
Then man wants to be an honorable one:
On the ocean of life—career begun.

And ye loved her when ye knew her not,
Fire and brimstone through would go;
But yet, she disappointed you or was not:
To be that what is expected to.

Manly fellow—foolish chap
To cast your troubles in her lap
Before you marry;—especially so:
Be brave yet timed, until you know.

Manly fellow—yet poor chap,
To break your heart strings when you knew not her;
To fill thy bosom with emotion and stir;
Before you 've studied—what you do it for?
Those who avoid mistakes, are particular.

Honor.

Sought for, fought for, coveted;
Yet by all not had.
Yet 't was within reach.

Honor hushed could not be—
It rung out, proclaiming thee.
Little it mattered, position how humble;
The many know, though some cared not.

Of it, be not disturbed—who could injure?
If have been careful they did not lure.—
No man could deny thee, honor; not a bit—
But instead, men have denied themselves of it.

It Is As It Is Young Man.

Girls make their market—
It is their art.
They do the courting;
You 're only part.

When the net is around
They take you up—let you down.
Out for the best to be had.
(If a better comes along)
Be not too confident—ye may be sad.

By families ambitious some are fooled;
When some are married, want others wed.
Influence, dominate, when they have or got;
Some they help you, some do not.
Little will be lacking to bring along;
There are many to get thee married.

The young man with not a friend,
On Earth which to confide;
They most all fool thee, or have tried.
The way to think is all thy own:

There is One left, ye to guide—
One not seen on earth.

It is as it is; it is with you—
As it is, it is with you.
It is as it is, as you think—
It is to them a chance.

'T is in all society; everywhere:
Marriage with many is just to do.
They watch your actions;
For years study you.

They mostly find out—inquisitive:
They seek about—yea, women are clever.
Indirectly question; probe:
(To tell a man), their different mode.

Troubles.

They quarrel and trouble;
(It is not long, just to-day.)
Death came, made quiet—took away.
No more growling;—end of the fray.

Silenced still after all that 's been:
Has stopped the long and merry war.
Piling up trouble, laying for, in store—
Foolish it is that was.

Yet making, continued, when now much;
Still rebellious, when can see rebellion.
Yet a critic for their fun—
When critical now with many a one.

Yet still on, many keep going;
'T was kept going while it could.
Brooding trouble, kindling ires;
For a hobby many would.

Then all 't was quiet—
No more riot:
For 't was quiet—still—
(Silent death: not at *their* will).

They had to go, had to part;
With many many woes.
What they said; attitude been:
They left undone and not done.
Passed away with that and that.

Cause for trouble; heavy hearts,
Blood and tears.
Caused by thee or by those—
Them to who once were near.

Still some wrangle and some fight,
'Till they 're almost minus sight
To distinguish right or wrong.—
(Hardly realize any more.
Peace it waits;
The troubles roar.)

A long long time some did part;
Some for all time.
Yet on and on, still yet on;
They discern not the Time how long.

The Sun Is Always Shining.

Without the Sun 't would be black night;
Never day, never light—
Still they find fault.

(Reflection of the moon a comfort;
Through the darkness
Kindly to thee.
Light at night, on land, on sea.)

The Sun is *always* rising;
Every moment, night and day.
People rise with it,
As the world turns—tips its way.

The Sun is always setting,—
On all that we do not see.
People every moment retiring,
(For sleep, for rest) where'er they be.

Lights on earth continually lighting,
As the setting of the sun.—
Sun up: lights out—
(Yet ever shining.) Stars about.

The Sun a shining its golden rays—
Shining on clouds, on earth;
Gleaming on the waves.
Shining through cold space;
For centuries past: the same same way.

For centuries past: bodies continual.
Bodies continually created; born:

Created then dissolved—the form:
Appear and vanish; still, men sin yet.

The Old Horse.

When he becomes feeble, lame,
And sore and old,
And worn and tired,
He 's whipped and lashed
And sold and hired.

Yet the intelligence—
Help for man.
How abused, ill used,
By man's rush for gain.
At his mercy.
Left to the goodness
Of some, called men.

How they suffer
Yet ready to go—
Willing to learn:
Dumb, but intelligent—
Dumb but not deaf;
Dumb, but do their master's will.

Responds to affection
By being kind.
Some forced to labor,
Labor blind.
Looks for guidance, looks to be led,
Does what men wish,
Yet some half fed.

Many driven sore;
And being worked too much, yet more and more.
Some suffered to death.
Some worked with mules,
When birds of a feather flock together.

The old horse, to the end, to last;
Bent legs, worn out feet,
From being driven too fast.
Hard using; bruising.

Worn out by them
Who after make fun—
The different ones.
By the fast young men
Driven to death.

Listening to hear
The next command;
Waiting around does faithfully stand,
Looking, depending, nothing said;
Not a murmur, at times a groan;
Yet—men for ages,
Using God's things as their own.

Easter.

Fragrance of lilies young in bloom;
The landscape's green carpet,
Transforming the gloom.
Life here, in the distance,
Rising—where'er ye go:—
Abundance of life; aboundingly so.

At Easter All is rising,
Everything that lives,
From that which looked like dead.
Why all this moaning
With the Christians,
After all Christ said?

Easter rises up and out:
With grass, flowers, trees about.
Life anew, life again,
(Same as Christ who rose.)

The chick comes from out the shell;
And the shrubs they rise
From out the ground.
New life, it blossoms here;
Once round every year.

Things anew, for some, or you—
Life anew, for some, or you—
Christ *for* you, or ye die.

New leaves, new blossoms, new bodies.
With Christian spirit little to fear.
Why are ye troubled?—
Every year 't is the same—
Ye not see Resurrection here?

The Great Searcher of Hearts.

Ye try to smuggle or cover up?
Waste not thy time,
For ye 'll after find
It was all in vain.

Fooled thyself—
And caused thy life of no avail;
For the Searcher of Hearts
Knows the items.

Covering over, covering up—
How can you? How could you?
Why have ye tried?
Ye have a secret,
Ye have not a secret.
Such as would are forsaken.
("Let the dead bury their dead.")

Ye are known more than ye know,
Known when ye knew not—
What is there to cover?
Beware with care.
A secret is not a secret.
Ye fooled no other than thyselves;
Ye may continue, but not long.

"The last shall be first
And the first last:
For many be called,
But few chosen."
All ye that are, (and
Are not in harmony),
Beware, with care.
Be not deceived—
God guides His world.

Haughty and rebelliousness,
Means their—its own downfall.

Their conceit of knowledge
Has closed their vision.—
If God be not for thee,
What do ye avail?
Something is nothing
Without Christian faith;
The Great Searcher of Hearts made so.
Beware with care.
All is for God that is;
All are for God that are.

Wealth.

Wealth is a blessing—
With some made a curse.
They dim their eyes
By not seeing;
They check their hearing
By not hearing.
They silence their conscience
By not listening;
They lose their kindness
By not giving.

Yea, with these it shuts
The cry for need;
With these, they live away, forget:
They use it not for what designed;
It scales their eyes.
These sit at pleasure
Fondling their treasure;
Both availeth nothing.

Yet for they toiled
And fought for it.

(All this for little or nothing.)
They saw before—seen the need
And then forgot.
Many through it
Lost the good was in them.
They were, but are not.
They lived away,
Forgot the need,
That once they saw,
Before they had.
It closed their vision,
And caused them dead,
For all time.

The good that was
In their heart,
They lost it.
Their treasure it banished.
They saw the need
And were blessed;
Then forgot.
It they loved—themselves caressed.

They stilled the Spirit,
To live their way.
They see, but they are blind.
They hear, but they are deaf.
They are living
But they are dead.
The suffering of others—'t is on their head.

Much But Least, Least But Much.

The Policeman on his round;
The craft of evil to be found.
At nights to comrade, club rang sound.
To protect others he is bound.

Protecting another at *this* age;
Evil against Right still does wage.
Considered but least, yet at night a Sage;
Without 't would be lonely—fearful.

Much but least, least but much;
After the large men accomplished such.
At nights; through storms; for years.
(The weaklings sleep—the grumblers snore.)

(At nights from the lurks out comes sin.)
A slam of the box, I know 't is he,
Then thieves they fly—within and without:
I feel assured: came, went—he 's been.

Protecting life have done and wrought—
Day and night the wretches sought.
Caught in the act; taken—fought:
To put sin down they 've toiled; thought.

Empty Homes and Empty Hearts.

Have all Christians been awake(!)
Opportunity advantage for own sake.
Ye memorial givers have ye seen the need (!)
In the home the heart a more good deed.

Ye memorial givers to thy memory fame
Have ye filled the homes—the hearts?
'T would been more for thy name;

Than ye left hearts empty, empty homes--
Drifting around, to death have sped.
No faith, no Bible. A soul by a soul has been led.
Living souls lived on to die;
Not anchored to faith—evil rent; (Anguish-cry).
Without God, things are nothing;
Without God, ye will die.

Born in the darkness; blind to light—
Wanted, waited; knew not their need.
The need many know, yet been slow,
To give out goodness; souls to feed.
If honored thy Lord, you 'd had honor—THEE:
"Ye done it to the least of these, ye done it to Me."
More charity in this, more blest the donor:
"Them that honor Me I will honor."

The Voice not always begged of thee—
Ye Cultured will be dealt accordingly,
For empty homes, hearts are empty.
"He that is not with Me is against Me:
And he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

God gave the life—the love:
May have girded thee when not aware.
Yet many did not, and do not now give thanks;
Give thanks through these, returned by care.

Empty homes, empty hearts,
They knew not what they were in need,
Yet something they knew they were in want.

Possibilities to be had—little had.
The chance—much could been done, much honor won.
God's messengers went before thy face,
And the voice as though from the wilderness.

Rich or poor, stationed in life or they roam—
One who lives with no Christian faith
Has an empty heart, an empty home.
Be it with influence or with power;
Jew or Gentile;
Low they dwell or high they tower—
Those without Christian faith
Have no hope; abiding place.

The Cards and the Dance.

Christians and those that Christianity profess
Have no good common sense or less,
To play, or have cards in house.
(Mockery to the church.)
And these to dance and prance—
Such folly with such foolishness
To step and slide around.
Placing the arms around the waist,
It is for no good cause;
The thoughts they think are seldom thought
According to God's Laws.
Something there is no virtue in,
And also no morality;
But instead, turns glad to sad.
Has turned to wrong, many a lad.
So being no good it is bad,
Still society upholds it.
The well-to-do indulge in it;

Demon on their hands they handle it,
Until it wreaks the ruin.
They drop it then as if surprised,
And find the thing has been active.

The damage done been thrust on heads;
Then they hurry to free its clutch.
Aye but it holds, it 's fastened much.
It weights them down, down and down.
It has been false; very bold—then
Hear nothing. Hushed—nothing found,
Ofttimes, often forever.
But they loved it, and, it lured them on;
They followed, and, went its way;
Now these have little or nothing to say.
Caused them to bow, (some creased brow),
To bow their heads—much dismay.
Experience was different many had—
Blighted their future what some might been.
Aspirations of many, from lofty to sin.
But these two are part, one with another,
The CARDS, the DANCE, the DRINK.
All three go, hand in hand;
Tearing constructive to destructive.
The three go on seeking their prey;
Society harbors, hides them away.
Society loves a curse.

A Worldly-Man's Conviction.

Times when on walks and passing by
A FLAT ROOF LITTLE HOUSE.—
To live in that;—I wonder—my.
Many the time to myself did laugh.

But after times I often seen,
To my surprise the difference 'tween.
Instead, what was expected, I saw
Sweet suffered faces, appear, go.

Convicted—convicted of myself;
The more I thought, the more and more.
I looked at self—God forgive:
I seen, discovered how I lived.

I seen myself as I was seen;
Myself and these the difference 'tween.
Awoke—myself was clear;
Long fooled myself, was in fear.

They said nothing—they see—*I* see—
Still more 't was my neighbor;
I did not speak neighborly.

A little house on the MOUNTAIN TOP:—
I never recognized them—
They nodded to me—
Is it same with ye, no charity?
A Worldly-man's Conviction.

God's Way; Blessings.

Blessing of body,
Blessing of song;
Blessed with the night
And all day long.
The rain that washes pure and clean,
Producing the flowers that we 've seen.
Clover and grass to walk on.

Green on earth—clouds in blue sky,
For you and I.
Water for all, or we die.
The atmosphere, balmy air—
Mountains here, seashore there;
O how good do we fare!
Yet consider little.

For all THINGS; us that grow—
Yea, many think little so.
Many do not see or know;
(Knowledge of God, many ignorant.)
Quiet still woods, water-ways; rest:
Blessings which *all* share.

Water to drink, on to sail:
The earth big and plenty—not small; frail.
Things that renew themselves year by year:
Spirit in us and love more dear.
In the Spring, the ground renewed.

In the earth, abundance—wealth:
Made so, by good habits we 'd have good health.
Man made to do, and think—with brains:
To do as he will—yet God Reigns.
Rains and sunshine for us to share—
Part yours and mine the scented air.
In Summer, . . . clouds for the green.

All, all of all that is free,
Air, light, water, and scenery.
Birds a singing in the trees,
Scents of flowers and a breeze.

Waves for ages on the beach—
These are lessons God Reigns, they teach.
Miracles: Yet they go their way.

The broad expanse for thine eye to look:
The wide stretch of the ocean's flow,
For many eyes to see.
To guide us, provided with the Book:
And these a study, for they show,
In their many different ways.

The different climates, different air—
Every and all can experience, (share),
If they did, have done, God's Way.
Pines and snow that purify:
Variety of fruits and the rye.

Blessing to look in the sky:
Think—made in image of on High.—
(Wonder, ponder; realize—try.)
Privilege, opportunity to expand; rise:
Have no limit, not confined.
Option to develop a brilliant mind.
Free with the world to travel; wander.

Option to share in the supply—
Had the option to live, not spiritually die.
The tide with salt, keeping water pure:
Man girded with strength, the hardships endure.
All the vast area that is; can tour:
Eternal rest, eternity secure;
To be on this, the other shore.

See the breakers break! Hear the surf roar!
Oceans of water, oceans of kindness;

The more that 's given 't will make the more.
With all this glory, and this blessing,
Continue to trifle, and the result is death.

We have sheltering clouds to hide us,
In summer, from the sunlit rays;
Cloudy, rainy and bright days;
Yet how little thought of.—
Provided;—providing: supply providing:
Abiding in us; again, again.

After all these blessings,—if ye lived too fast,—
Again and again if thou disgraced,
Where will ye hide thy scarred false face?
Blessed again and again, blessed till death;
Yet sinned against that same long way.

The *atmosphere* which we breathe:
Water to our thirst relieve.
The scattering winds, that blow,
Causing flower and fruit to mature; grow.
With man, yet, some will not understand.

Bees that make honey;
The worm that makes the silk.
God's created substance, (means, turned to money),
For their; our many other needs.
Small things as the little Bees;
And then wide worlds, earth, blue seas.

Trees fall—yet again they rise anew.
Men die. Many men, but righteous few—
The others have gone:

And going; they may go,
And all their no good with them.
Not given any, any relieved;
Few it is them have grieved,

With all their grievous faults.
They received—yet died selfish.
They for years have been given,
For years they did receive,
For years while they were living,
Beauty, light and feed.
Yet many, they returned no grateful deed.

Yet through it all and ages past
The seed has not stopped growing;
The wells and brooks in the hills
Have also not stopped flowing.
By clouds and ways we are supplied;
Or all be nothing, would be dried.
Much—yet blessings many now not known.

Places of refuge in summer to cool:
In winter places a flood of warmth.
Goodness to be given, much in store:
Kindness to be shown, more and more.
God with men with men abide:
God's mercies to men, large and wide.

Life, kept in the ground through the winter cold
To burst anew in Spring.
Not stinty—ABUNDANCE;—*every* good thing.
The pretty landscape of green, with trees;—
Who could wish art more better than these?
All the clouds; the light dark sky:
(Up in the mountains where the valleys lie.)

Every year we have had it o'er—
Every year been supplied with more.
Little, men know how it is brought about—
Know not how they live, but yet they sin.

Blessings many and much enter not man's thought;
Yet received and shared.
Many blessings to be given that would,
If men were so to receive they could.
So much has been given and bestowed;
Came our way, blessings flowed.
Came, went: (some not aware),
Guided, girded: (did not know—care),—
And yet—against the Giver.

What more is in need
'T will be given in plenty and in deed,
If it be good, or ye worthy, if ye have not failed.—
Yet men railed,
Broke and assailed that which is good,
And then, some tried to save their lives—
Wanted to live hereafter.

All bear the heat to grow the corn.
Were it not for the sun, 't would be
Always cold, always night;—
There 'd be no Summer or Spring,
Never a day, anything.
Yet the Giver is blasphemed.

The fruits and all that mature—
Ready for us, just before
The end of season, before the frost.
They are complete—not half, but finished:
Multiplied substance fulfilled—not lost.

The winds of March—then the bursting of buds;
And the April showers springing forth flowers.
In the calmness of May, gentle breezes play,
For the fulness of June from March 't is soon.
July rushing brook, when all is dry,
And August when things look august.
September: harvest reminds us to remember.
October: layed in for—in store.
November: colors changed—varied splendor.
December; life looks gone—but only the
Fulness gone, just bare and slender.
January snow and frost lends picture;
The snappy cold cause us merry.
February, between Autumn and Spring—
Dream; think: past, future, everything.

A beautiful, yet sinful world;
Still, things grow.
The waves still beat.
Moving on—being "fulfilled."
God's things moving, moving on.
Evil snares them who cease.
Day and night—night then day.
Those who do not live God's Law, His way,
Fall; and the world goes on without them.
Leaves a falling, leaves behind.

Who is the Fool?

Who 's the fool?
The world is fooled
By those and them;
By many of all,
In all affairs.

Fooled in matrimony—
Even leaders in it they dote.
Fooled, fooled and fooled.
Fooled by those who advocate;
(Fooled by the money kind,
Fooled by adulterators,
Fooled by substituters,)
Fooled by the Cultured Crowd.
THEY, do it quiet and not loud;
The motive under the surface.
The fooled bear the cost.
Some think it clever—
But the fooled has lost.
Fooled and fooled.
Fooling the poor,
Lowly, and meek,
The ignorant, or the weak,
Instead of giving counsel.

Politicians or any who fooled the weak
Them or he fooled himself.
They 're not to be fooled with (the meek),
But given truth and wisdom.

Fooled and fooled.
'T is plain which is the fool—
Those that fooled,
Or those that fooled have been.
The ignorant did not know;
The lowly had faith
In ye or them.—
Who 's the fool, ye or them?
The one that fooled,
Or the one that was?

Taking that which not belongs;
Rarely spoken, but 't is grieved.
Those who trusted and believed:
Them that wilfully have deceived
For vain glory of self.
Who is the fool?—
The one that 's fooled, or the one that did?

Fools think they 're not what they are:
Fools think they are what they are not.
The world is worse for their living;
(Taking advantage, instead of the advantage
giving.)

The Pioneer.

A Pioneer in advance
Lived here;
Who braved the storms,
Kept up cheer.
Many a day of lonesomeness;
Many an anxious moment.
Many a time of uncertainty,
When they knew not what.

Pioneers; silent heroes
Much nor little heard of;
That were true to their trust,
Self and love.
No applause for them—
These quiet men.
No applause was given
While they were living.

Pioneers with little fears.
Many a silent hero laid,
Foundation for family
And Country made.
Good work, good deeds, noble efforts.
To the masses unknown.
Not proclaimed or heralded—
Not piped or blown.

Known to the few—
Died simple, no ado.
Quiet, silent Heroes.
Victory won—battle of
Trouble, and of woes;—
Victories: up and down
Went through—'t is few who know.
Not *all* heroes are known.

Many a pioneer been here—
Has been and gone.
The crumbling remnants
That still remain,
Create a feeling lonesome.
The earth still is,
Nature the same,
Where once there were pioneers.

The kindly sturdy pioneers
Moving on in previous years;
Before we were, while we were not,
Were going at the Call, (their lots).
It was for them the wild to break,
The trails and roads advance to make.
Brave and worthy toilers,
Making ready for the throng.

The Pioneers leading on,
They 've broke the way, before have gone.
'T is seen by those who see.—
Glad it was of such men—
Corner stones of a Country.
Much can we be thankful.
Men of men—strong and true.

Pioneers who braved hardships—
Thought and fought.
Fought in darkness.
Some lost their life,
But they had to go,
Working their way westward so.

Plain, brave and strong.
From different parts to all parts.
Onward, out—went the scattered throng
To settle Earth's wild rough part,
With sacrifice.

Simple little houses were their abode:
There were no trains—they with horses rode.
No bridges: the rivers which to cross;
Most these were swam with the horse.
Few were the Saw Mills of their time—
Their houses, huts, cut from trees;
Into Log Cabins (the logs made these)
And daubed with mud.—

Toiled to live—fought for life:
Foes would lurk and shirk around.
All in afore dark,
Or may ne'er be found.
(These ofttimes set the home afire:)

Faith depending individual men—
They made their homes, settled the wild.
From loved ones: friends, almost exiled.
Located in the distance,
Far, here and there;
(We see some old landmarks
Now still yet standing everywhere).

Common people in log huts,
Yet of importance they were much.
Starters of movements,
That were developed.

Going through dark
Emerging in light
Gave them confidence
Strength and might.
Madé them all the more strong.
Till they knew more and more—
More wisdom more the longer.

Had to break for their bread;
Make a path, clear a trail.
More and much can be said.
Many the days without mail.
To the faithful many, (faithful few),
No fame, ado.
Obscure.

Many and hosts of them have gone—
What we know of them we see.
But God was with, behind it all;
It was to stand, and did not fall.
To advance the world further a step.—
Much accomplished, but, it is far yet.

Faithful to the church
Some went with a gun,
Protecting themselves or another one.
Now that not in need,
Yet numbers pass by;
The faithless, wanderers, shun the Cry.

They opened the way,
The Country, the Church;
Yet many now with evil lurch,
When they led them from wrong.
They may continue—
But It 's *short*, not long.

The Old Graveyard.

As I stand by the old graveyard,
Some of the marks lying down;
Some are crumbling, some are sound.
Yet what difference to me or thee—
Some in beauty, some in simplicity.

(Beings of pride, how dependent are ye,
At sea, at home, or afar—
Needing always one to provide.
Ever and always in need of a guide.—
The need provided with Bible; Seed:
Men volunteered, took the lead.
Led, yet were spiritually led—
Us by others, others by us—
Spiritually, physically, mentally fed.)

Some say they suffered by the marks which said:
Some may have suffered by their larks instead.

Many have suffered for loved ones: (being loyal)—
Faithful to God, His plans; their family.
On this world hard did toil;
After the battle, and now in peace.

Perhaps sometimes with you, watched o'er—
Hoping for you to do right the more.
Trying to show you, before the act,
So nothing be lost, or your body racked.
Showed to you, pointed the way—
Excitement, passion, your hand to stay.
The Graveyard—Cemetery—with its Honorables;
Wrecks:
They have had lessons, options, selects.

Angels Been Watching Ye.

They know what is thy object—
They know the harm you do,
What ye have in view.
High or low what ye have in mind.—
Ye RIGHTEOUS—Angels have guarded thee:
On mountains, in valleys, on the sea.

Hark ye criminals! (tarry!),
(A deed or sin unspoken,
A prayer not uttered, or hearts broken),—
It is known;—known before *was* known.
Jesus Christ within your midst;
Invisible, obscured behind the veil.

All over, around: the Holy Ghost,
Also the Lord of hosts.
Angels been watching ye.

It is, it has been seen—
Those that sin, riot, kill,
Or their fellows' blood spill.

Do not let thyself be fooled—
Trickers, crooks, under cover get; but
This and that is known still yet.

Men are temples of the Holy Ghost:
But not received by men, the most.
Whether they do or do not fear:
The Holy Spirit is near them here.

The Spirit leads—never tires;
By it man lives; (it requires).
The Recording Angel has recorded thee.

The Birds.

Little Birds high on the tree,
You sing away; are sincere.
Seen not to shed ne'er a tear.
Your way of chirping or else sing,
Always active, on the wing.—
Are very quick; not a drone:
Soon as the young can fly, have flown.
Before the winter to South ye go,
To avoid cold winds, winter snow.

How do ye know direct to South?
How do ye know to go where 't is warm?
But many come back again in Spring—
How do ye know the tact come back?

Man given on each side an ear,
The songs from you, for him to hear.
Ye awake at daybreak in the morn;
Announce to all the day is born.
Singing so much your voice would break;
But more loud the song more peace you make.

You seem to know that sin is here,
For you 'll not come very near.
You 're like the rest—you have that fear.
Same every year on time to North—
Prepare, repair: young bring forth.
Gave support, nourished strong;
Ready to be on the wing 'fore long.

Flit and fleeting all day long,
Joyful chirp, cheerful song;
Then with the increase ye are off,
Again o'er miles to South.
Again the young do you bring
Back with you in the Spring?
Ye are a traveller; many times
To North—South—back and forth have flied.

High in the air, o'er rivers and mount—
But some stay through the winter rough.
Some cannot—not hardy enough.
Little frail thing put together,
Ye are God's—flesh, bone and feather.
Some are captive and some free,
Yet towards man in harmony.
In storms, in winter, through the cold;
Protected, cared for, in God's fold.

In Autumn.

The leaves become ol ,
So man's head of gray—
Both soon have fallen
And are away.

One at a time they flicker down;
The family tree they fell around.
They spent their time
And going: gone.

Both covered o'er with the winter snow—
On winter storms sweep and blow.
The earth turns fast around;
And the Isles did wait.

In Autumn: reaping the harvests
Which has been sown;
Some reaping nothing—
Their life away thrown.

Some happy, thankful,
And all around glad;
Some wretched, miserable,
And all around sad.

Life as the sowing,
And as the reaping;
Sowing in Spring
And reaping in Autumn—

As the buds in the bursting,
The leaves departing.

Man has done or not done—
The Harvest begun.

'T is Autumn with them—
Time for them nearly past.
They are going, soon going—
They have lived too fast.

As a plant that grew—
Was watered, showered:
A plant that grew but never flowered.

Overdone the Thing.

Overdoing the thing, mistake of mistakes:
To overdo the thing—what fools fools make.
Taking advantage of a friend;
Doing such that ye cannot mend.
In position of trust, the trust spent:
Taking bad from the good which was meant.
Trying to dominate others' rights;
Making of war, trouble, fights.
Interpreting things their own way:
To have all do as they think, say.

Thinking ye are when ye are not—
Still on, yet know when in the wrong.
To think thyself more than another;
Being jealous of thy kin, thy brother.

Running wild without thought;
Not doing what ye know ye ought.

Not to be thankful for all that is:
Destroying of life, self, hers or his.
Beings of conceit, too conceited to learn:
Others' faults judge, discern;
Not seeing thyself.
For gratification destroying thy health:
Idolatry—sarcasm—love of self.

Wrangling with that which has been for good:
Preventing others to do that would.
Busy in others' business affair:
Match-makers trying to, doting;
Knowing should not but little care.

Taking advantage of another,
When you know when you do,
When you know when you should not:
Mentally strong of the mentally weak.
Always complaining; discontent,
Though even good may be your lot.
After all that 's been: preached, taught:
After the world has been a school,
Still then not do as ye ought.
When learned by others' sacrifice,
Then turn and nothing answer.

And yet they know—overdone the thing.
Man's foolish ambitions, all they have cost;
For pride, popularity, been spilt and lost.
Wrangling cause they are not,
What they think they should be, can:
Foolish trouble, stupid grievance,
Overdone but soon 't will end.
The Lord of hosts knows When—The TIME.

Rebelled.

All that 's been wrought:
The evil fought;
And yet rebel.

All the sacrifice:
Man made good and well;
And yet rebel.

Given strength; health:
Some with wealth—
Yet rebel.

Given much; the best:
Then to evil sell—
Return, rebel.

God's favor win:
Forgiven their sin;
Then fall, rebel.

They do it, many done it:
Yet say, "Keep clear of Hell
Is to not rebel."

For blessings have prayed:
Received, then delayed—
God's work rebelled.

Riotous living; silent story, *substance* spent:
'T was always followed by relent;—
Then *still*, some rebelled.

Tossed on the Wave for Loved Ones.

He was up very early, times at three—
Down at the shore he pushed off to sea.
Out the mouth of the Inlet, across the bar;
Over white capped breakers, down, between,
Then up and over—sometimes not seen.
In a half rotten boat—
Would just about float.

He rode the breakers at the break of day;
(The early morn, just light.)
Most all on the beach soundly slept.
But to the oar and oar he bent,
And safely o'er the bar he went.
Then o'er his face smile of victory was sent—
Starting from his soul within.

Up he stuck his crude rough sail;
Stuck on a rudder, both worn, and frail.
He glided on as one could see,
By the foam in front—the back smooth trail.

Hair gray, almost white—
Yet he was up, off at light.
Tossed on the wave for loved ones.
There on the beach his depended for bread;
To get it he crossed: to cross he did not dread.

Just afore noon at twelve he came,
In with his catch; times large, more times small.
Doing to live: through surf; roar—
Going again, again to fish for more.

From honest toil hard were his hands;
Pulling the boat upon the sands.

He was courageous (little feared);
With a nerve as steel, out he steered.
To get along he did his most,
And this was down
At Avalon—a little town
On the South Jersey Coast.
A few miles away,
North of Cape May.

He was tall and bent; yet upright—a man:
Good to the eye—in his face a light.
His clothes well worn, faded, torn.

His name was Cresse.
A credit to the Beach to work about,
But he went from there—
They starved him out.

Old England.

Merry—glorious—joyous—grand.—
Spirit of Righteousness throughout the land.
Leaders of leaders, a strong Band.
Blessed England.

God's agent old with history;
To some a wonder—as a mystery.
Teutonic blood kept the Right;
Many thousands dead from fight.

Set for the world a pace—
Led others on: The Anglo-Saxon Race.
Stalwart; sturdy.

England old England,
Adored by all ye should be.
A Power for good kept on the sea.

Spirit of fertility in the ground—
One can see it all around.
Land of Poets; Monuments,
Historic Spots, Ancient Marks:
Causes meditation, inspiration sparks;
Creates buoyancy, exhilaration.
Gasp hallelujah that it was!
Glory be for such a nation.

Aggressive for ages in the land—
Of the whole for the best still they stand.
Great the power—was kept so—
To check the unrighteous, horrors, woe.
The power that holds is for the good:—
If all would see, understood.
Rules o'er Possessions sun does not set—
Continue on to the end still yet,
For who could have better these controlled?
Sincere, cheerful, loyal.

Thoughtfully governed and controlled—
Many souls cared for; did mould.
Advocating right for ages past—
To better man, for man to last.
Frank—deserving.

Power of enlightenment, establisher of principles—
Missionary forces sent,
Volunteers to heathen went.
Of the highest of all planes,
Power greatest of all names;—
Yet with all her fames
Plain and courteous.

Land of authors, memorials of time:
Admirations of many and of mine.
Methods created, methods formed:
English language peace of the world.
England: the English with God's English tongue.
Originator of words, former of customs.

Towards those with strength be not unjust—
On some a trust, responsibility with power.
With strength obligation—to account:
England's mission fulfilled.

Nation of capability, land of stability—
Founder of churches; systematic, sympathetic.
Nearly an Island by the sea.
With great strength, yet simplicity.
Throughout together Christian Band—
The helm of government Christian manned.
Guided; Christian England.

Why Is It?

Why is it that things grow,
The brooks noising, and still flow?
Why do they have trunks, the trees,
And have limbs, designed leaves?

Why is there fruit,
The tree the root?
The fruit, (and within) the seed—
Elements of that for human need.

Why do they soar?
The fruit with seed
For means for more.—

Why do they grow
So staunch, just so tall?
Upright, ride storms,
Swung side to side.

But why the blade of the pointed grass?
Covering the earth, a great mass.
Why is it green?
Trees and all needs the rain;
Supplied for ages, years the same.

Why is the color of the rose?
Its pure clean cut—its odor flows?
It is not stained, or tainted!—
It has grown scented—sainted.

All this beauty mingled with sin;
All this art, still many apart,
Yet dependent to mature and grow.
God's warmth of the sun to strengthen so.
Man's frame to keep his body in form:
Girded to bear the evil storm.

This and that—made, done:
This and that—came, went: (comes, goes,)

Some troubled themselves with their woes,
And said "No Creator,"
With all this art.

The clover with its oval leaf:
The birds that eat—with a tongue; no teeth.
God's nature, sole study of artists.
(Seen, shown. Review, anew.)
Of their supply their only resource;
And the ONLY supply—ample source.

Sweet Thought.

Sweet thought—the thought that 's pure; clean:
Known not what one is thinking, but 't is seen.
Some think yet not do honest thought—
Use yet not use what they ought.
If good thought done before the act,
Many times would many not of lacked.

The good of thought some overrun,
That which should been, of done.—
After years of thinking, to the truth awake:
Thought and thought, thought they knowed,
But with no reason, in darkness sowed.
Thought that which makes sadness; tears:
As some has thought of wasted years.

As some laid down for their last—
Thought what they have, have not done.
The thoughts of good, mistakes of past;
Was not undone, could not be.

Or, if kept pure thought with adverse conditions;
Done little to mar, through life's ambitions.
To sit, meditate, with conscience clear;
To think at the end little to fear.

Of all man's success; achievements:—
By it done, moulded, trained.
Meant for nothing but Right, as should be—
Man with its brilliance, not for Right, what is he?

Not to pollute by habits wear—
Given to man to preserve with care.
Not dull or cloud, but to keep clear;
Not flattering, but sincere.

Man's greatness—all of all—
Yet many bear it down and fall.
Just a phrase for God's praise,
By others who followed on behind.
Thought of love, same as Above; kindred mind.

Called Common.

Many colors of eyes;
The vision of sight:—
What is man's strength?
What is his might?
Created for a standard ideal—
His standard of right.

Common things
In fact, but great.
The affection of a dove:

Mourns for its mate.
The work all perfect;
Made in state.

Same made to produce
No other than same.
Wrong made things wild,
As shown; (recovered, made tame).
To be gotten back
As before sin came.

Frogs, crickets, locusts—things:
Little things called common.
Little things in fact but great.—
The voice: things growing night and day.
So many they see not—
(Miracles), Yet they go their way.

Man's Own Cause.

Man has made his own cause
For trouble and woe;
(Habits injure his body),
Then fastly go.
Some with conceit
Go alone just so.

Going by self alone,
On God's earth,
When God knew before
And after birth.
For to live for self
What is man worth?

What has he got,
Against to rail?
Never gave to himself—
He has tried and did fail.
God gave him himself—
There 's nothing to wail.

God's law frees men
From sin and death—
Read the Book for THYSELF;
See what it SAITH.
Many dead many quick
Will come short; be left.

Men own nothing—
They may control.
Such may be in
Or outside the Fold.
God over all: as it is
It is so with thy soul.

Yet some yet live in themselves,
They think who cares,
Foolishly reaching grasping that
Which is not theirs.
Railing against His Fold,
Just to get; (without behold).

Applying it unto
Just theirs, (themselves).
Thus some wax rich
And fat on earth,
But A King on High
Knows what good they're worth.

Peculiar Aspirations.

For men the little that I can do,
For the many of them, yet the few,—
To lift the Banner—Voice to raise:
Give me honor but no praise.

(There are many men, there are few—
Much over nothing, much ado.
Souls to be led by rhymes phrase.
So, just give me honor; no ado no praise.)

After voice after voice, to give me the glory,
When it is not mine.
When it is the Almighty's—His; not thine.
Just give me honor, no applause no praise.

Them whom the Spirit leads, are God's sons—
Should I seek for glory as other ones?
Seeking glory is selfish, against harmony runs,
So only honor; no tribute no praise.

As the Brook As the Man.

The flow of the brook
Year in; year out—
Years continued,
While humanity came and went.
The flow of the brook can ne'er come back—
(So with sins of life.)

The going of the flighty,
As the going of the brook—
Some turn and sigh toward their home
With repenting look.

As mixed in restless ocean,
As mixed in restless crowd;
As downward with sin's current,
Down to the deep; hushed the song that sang aloud.

As rushing along in hives, thro' crevice; in and out,
as brooks:
As some passions will see in questionable nooks.
From pure to impure, or between—
When all on the world not to be seen.

(In memory there at the gate—
Those who loved, leaned in wait;
Till ye, thee, furthered from sight.
Seen such as these—yet ye rail the Right.)

As rushing along of its own accord,
The further it dashes, the more it's lowered.
(The more reckless the man, the more he's bored.)
Be not too certain—
Far down many have not crossed the ford.
Some towed across yet with weakness did sink;
Then did not have the power to think.
Mingled with evils in between—
Never again heard, seen,
And never again found.

But once as the sparkling of the brook,
As 't is heard in purity.
Others as it, rushing merrily;
Knew not where but down to sea.—

Behold the others suffered lesson.
They had their way our fallen brothers,
Some marred the peace of the others.
Coming time they 'll mar and noise no more.
Same as the brook running o'er,
Running out in the stream;
Then silent—forgot their God,
Then forgot; unseen.

An English Town.

In Jersey a place called Englishtown,
Where there 's few houses but farms around.
The roads, little homes so neat so clean;
Plain, clean-cut, as English seen.

The modest colors of the paints;
(Covered in harmony, simple tints.)
Englishtown of itself a Spot—
But of consequence is much.

Vicinity where, Battle of Monmouth was fought—
Near here, Washington's forces overtook; (sought.)
On this ground 'twixt here and Freehold;
Near the centre of Tennent, warm blood turned
cold.

The same white church, standing alone;
With its buried dead, the Graveyard its own.
Seems 't is there as a memorial,
For through it all it has stood—not fell.

In the village of Tennent—
Hardly a rock in the soft sandy soil:
Freedom's content, content to toil.

The plain simple country,
And the church, no ado;
But on this ground battle waged, was fought.
Some of the blood in the church on the pew.

The ground seems blessed with fertility:
Yet man against man sin fought like hell.
Still the spot is known by only the few;
Yet blood of the battle remains on the pew.

To be held in reverence; to not celebrate:
No matter the difference or what was the state.
A Country to celebrate over another
Is nothing else but against thy Brother.

Life Is Real.

Life is real.
Love for a Mother;
Father, Sister and Brother.
Life is real.

Loved whether alive or if dead;
Troubled conscience for wrong done, said.
Vain men see not the goodness enough:
And the doubters they doubt
With eyes in their head.
Life is real.

The different trees, the Sugar-Maple:
All these die yet they 're staple.
Love of humanity
(Sane or insanity.)
Life is real.

The farmer ploughs, cultivates, sows;
God matures it fore the season's close.
The many robins with red breast;
Each one to their kind, as all the rest.
Life is real.

God's Nature With Men.

If done the Right ye had the best:
Ceased wrong customs, slave habits;
Left to God's nature all the rest.
Such did then better their health:
(Blessed with strength—wealth.)

Man made by God—on God's earth rebelled:
With these, a great many, it is ill—not well.
Yet some continue, after all that 's given:
Passing on—passed away;—
What difference that, that they were living?

Some gain on earth, yet all they lose—
Their selfish gain they harbor; choose.
Considered a success, yet dismal fail;
Thinking, leaving behind successful tale.

Be faithful over few things, rule over many;
Still they rake the muck—rule none, not any.
Looking always down, (see not) seldom up:—
Covetous dispositions . . . they swell;
Swell their bellies, eat and sup.

Wholly.

In one's anger of to-day
"Let him go to Hell!" some say.—
Who has been detaining him,
Is it they?

"God damn!" says one says some.—
Who dares dictate?
When with them themselves
It may be the same fate.—

Man you 're apart when you talk like this:
Only a fragment, amiss, from bliss;
Divided, not in unison—a break in the chain:
To continue is such again and again
Is far from the holy, and holiness;
For just to be holy is to be whole.

Colonial Days.

All the bloodshed, sacrifice, hardships,
For our benefit we now enjoy.

For many, themselves and theirs,
You and I;—their girl and boy.
Handed freedom to their;—our heirs.
Lest we forget remember the cost.

To hold their own, keep the homestead,
They had many troubles.
Breaking the soil, (nourished, fed,)
Working steadily on.

Lived at times in dread, fear;
Some were destroyed there, here,
While they were in crude houses.
Humblest of the humblest, their places of rest.

Some with the old Mill, working by day;
Early, late—long hours, little pay; but,
They were content with freedom of thought;
For this many died, toiled and fought.

The old Mill was coarse, crude;
The old water wheel simple, rude.
Much did some suffer and endure,
But most of these were the WORTHY poor.
Many a day was cheerful, glad;
    Many a day was weary, sad.

Yet most most always had their time
To make merry—read a chapter or poet's rhyme.—
"Colonial Days."
Many a happy day spent,
Many a sympathizing hour lent,
With those who roughed it—those around.

Well some thought, well did some act;
Courage and bravery little lacked.
Contented themselves with what they had.
Few lowered their morals for gain.
Such a community helped a lad
To grow in grace, as ancestors—the same.

(Colonial days; old roads, pikes, tolls,
After the battles the call of the rolls.)
They were located along the Atlantic Coast,
And not many in a community.
Things for good they had at heart:
When landed, had but little start.

Little Colonies here and there;
Joys and sorrows with each other share.
From danger protecting, great was the wear.
We see the remnants of the Mills,
The water power still 'twixt the hills,
Of these who grew to hardy people.

Some Landmarks still stand, crumbling away;
(The ground looks the same, the same night and day.)
Our men, best men, came from these;
(Masters of intellect act with ease.)

These, they were Colonial Days—establishing a Republic:—
Established with faith, trusting in God.
For a Country a good foundation.
Honor can be given many an obscure one.
Victory and victory, success and success;
Their efforts crowned and trials blessed.

The Old House.

Around the old house, the grass so green;
In most places 't is not seen.
The spirit seems as in the ground,
For many memories can here be found.
Even inside, outside, the atmosphere,
Charms one with stillness as with fear.

As one looks around in and out
In this fair house who would doubt,
The all that 's been—joy, gladness;
The all that was—care, sadness.

Many the days of "ups and downs,"
Many the days of smiles and frowns
That went through the halls—the life:
Suffered as hosts of others—strife.
Lessons for, have been—showed to live:
Lessons to sympathize, help, give.

Between these fair walls some they courted;
Went in the world—where? None left to tell.
Little lassies—the damsels sought the man
They thought they could live with well.

The house by itself, the blinds on the hinge—
To see the old place a remembrance, a tinge.
A pane of glass broken here and there—
History seems to reign round everywhere,
The walls ring loud to the tread on bare floor;
And the echo, when one jars the door.

How well the foundation, solid laid;
And the good mortar those days they made.
How well prepared; fitted the beams:
Yet still better than some new ones. Close seams.

The old little mansion as seems droops its head,
For its owner, builder, and master is dead.
The weather beaten house they built still stands—
Built by hard work with their own hands;
But forgot their God. "Desolation."

Ingratitude.

To think: when I, we were boys;
All remember school—some remember well,
How we romped; and, full of joy
Ran and raced, jumped and fell.

All this time we were maturing,
Aches and pains were enduring;
But One who watched—watched: Lord Ye—
Many even now ungrateful to Thee.

Little were some thinking—but growing.
Some now blaspheme, show abuse,
But all go on: nature active, rivers flowing;
Men rebellious—yet advanced men for use.

Lived, living—yet know not, knew not life or how.
Some grow men (not men) as they choose.
Railed against working by sweat of brow—
Distinguish 'tween wrong, do right some refuse.

Against God's creation—THOUSANDS; for years:
This, all this continued ungratefulness
Caused suffering, sorrows; multitudes' tears.
Ungratefulness, Ingratitude,—what rebels thou art.

The Last Call.

The Drinking man a failure—himself disgrace,
To all humanity—to the human race.
If they would see themselves in Light
They would be stunned, almost, with fright.

The great many that has fell—
HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS, could not tell.
They would have drink—

So they slowly die, then after think
What fools they 've been and done.
Great chance on earth—man the greatest of all:
Yet many the least. They have had the last Call.

Pleasures.

How happy all should be, should been—
See the sand dunes all fine sand.
Look away, the deep great sea,
Here for all, you and me.
The mountains and the mountain brook—
For us when weary, need rest, to look.
Rare sweet flowers—
The perfume ours.

Canyons, Inlets, Thoroughfares—
All such that is, banish cares.
The brooks a singing,
The birds a winging,
The noise of waves
For ye, and thee;—
(For all of *us*.)

Substance given to change the thought:
Lessons of purity to live as ought.
The toiling bees, their busy hum:
The sun giving light to every one.
Mingled with work and with pleasure:
The Mill, the soil, all had their measure.
God had the sun shine over all:
Warmth and kindness on all yet fall.

Without God's mercy none could live:
Showers of blessings at our call;
Yet sin and sin, sin and sin—
Man burdened himself, without, within.

The soft sweet air, with scent so rare,
Makes ruby lips, faces fair.
With tickling winds, breezes blow,
Where'er we go, here or there.
Hills and valleys that we might see,
All the different scenery.
Solitude of the mountain.

All this has been; is some one's care.
Unfaithful, unjust: they take, they share.
Cedar grove to walk and rove;

Landscape, Lake, and the Sound.—
All enjoyment that 's made; found—
Abundance of pleasure here abound.
Green grass, bright flowers cover
The earth, for the lover of God's natural law.

The sun gives light, we 're given sight,
To see these things—how little some see.
The moon in the distance shining bright,
Thro' the darkness of the night.

See the Highlands and the Islands!
(The red, yellow, washed white sands),
The harbor and the clean washed bar.
Stars a twinkling, dark space afar.
(Peace, quiet; restful grace.)
On worlds to gaze, many ways
To enjoy life purely, with pleasure, no badness;
After, when review, not mar memory with sadness.

To be with those; these that are:
Going, have gone—went before.
With them—all them that are.
At times one's lonely, (as alone),
Satisfied not, yet controls—called own.
Earth's pleasures, treasures, satisfies not the soul;
For the world is part, not the whole.

One, and only one of many worlds;
Great, but small compared.
But yet, the beauty of others
(Will by many) will be shared.
The earth bedecked with fruit.

Seed multiplied by those who 'll multiply.
Mercy; goodness. Yet abused.

Avalon.

"Avalon": scene of wildwood,
Sweet days of childhood
In peace; quiet.
A restful Island.

Narrow Island offshore,
Seven miles long or more.
Where one's face is tanned
Walking on fine sand.

Cottages at night made wet
By the salty mist;
Worn by breezes,
Misty kissed.

Avalon: a rustic island, where
From foreign influence little could harm.
Place to grow strong with little care—
At first was a little lone farm.—

Avalon, between ocean; land:
From foreign influence develops man.
Pleasant experience to go through:
Where Hollyhocks grow; grew.

Where sun seems to rise from horizon of sea:
Few trees stop not the land, sea breeze.

Pleasant place in summer for those can be;
Stroll, walk, on the edge of the sea.

Where morn is early—later the eve:
Long played the light of the sun's rays.
Where runs endless creeks into endless bays.
Place to tarry side of the sea,
And list to return sweet memory.

Place of salt air; pure, rare:
Where smooth clear water circles round
Through the Sound; Thoroughfare.
In the channels, thro' open meadows.

The sides of the channels the meadow banks;
On the meadow banks, tall meadow grass.
Thick and far the heavy mass;
In which the Mud Hen builds her nest,
Then settles down for weeks of rest.
In and out flows water clear,
As flows the tide in and out the Inlet.
The same old ocean is ne'er too full.

The salty ocean,—such a flood:
Cooling to man, his body, his blood.
The Sound and all the Thoroughfares full:
Where it matters little about the geometrical.

The roar of the wave mars the stillness of night:
Many went down on the long hard beach.
So, with good things be cautious, within reach.
The top of the world; sea breeze swept:
Exposed to the elements of health—health kept.

Surf and roar, waves for Ages,
Beating on the beach.
Showing all to beware; lessons teach,
With pleasure danger, with goodness care.

Dark Days.

This sin and crime soon is to cease
Yet more and more it does INCREASE.
It is now Time, through all these years;—yet,
On still on—few do fear.

Many hearts troubled with loved ones' state—yet,
On for Ages; still, men tolerate.
(Had to take tokens of grief.)
When some died, 't was to all a relief.

To crush sin down some has fought;
To hold it up, some has caught.
For it some fought, or much would been
Gone, if let go, as they know they ought.

Causing a slow but quick death,
Yet holding on till the last breath,
A cause to be cut off.

Those who do, would keep it back,
Hold it up, not let it go;
That harbor it, with it slack,
(That do not let all the righteous flow),
That held it back, making others worse—
These with civilization
Are to the world a curse.

Many have sacrificed and been slain,
To please the some; hold their fame.
Disposed of—disposed of
To make their selfish gain.

A long lost world; still, things grow;
Blessings flow, the sun shines.
Men continue in crime—
But It's not for long.

Lust.

Ones of little virtue themselves defile:
When Time at the longest a short while.
By their own will, losing their strength—
Ending their days, when Time at short length.

Innocence dragged down, hungry for bread;
Immoral, immorality: black; dread.
This going on here and there—but:
Not much longer on this world so fair.

For ages went on—still on: undone:
(In the quiet and hush), many now do not care.
The battle is finished—yet nearly begun.

If you think woman lower than man, think still;
If so, bear in mind it is not at her will:
Yet if she fell—some man is to blame.
If you made fun of woman it is the same
You made fun of God.

The Tragedy of the Jewish Nation.

To Jerusalem they returned:
Yet they not discern
The Sword of the Lord on them.
"I will draw out a Sword after you."

Beware ye of Israel, Beware;
Turn, repent—see or 't will be:
The Sword of the Lord thrust through you.
Escape the Sword of the Lord!

Ye think ye are when ye are not—
Your so-called shepherds has led thee so.
Escape! Before the final judgment go—
The Sword of the Lord is on you.

Gather the remnant for Jesus Christ—
Get ye Hence! Coming—the Lord.
Seek forgiveness—Repent! Repent!
Then the lift of the Sword.

Behold thy Lord, make thy peace;—
Halt thy long warfare, cease,
And ye will see of the Sword the lift:
And Jesus Christ your Lord.

Gather the remnant and return:
It soon will be fulfilled.
The Lord will soon be in your midst.
The Sword will be, till ye; (still.)—

To reject is Tragedy.—To accept is Triumph.—
Escape ye of Israel!—Escape!—
Get ye to the Hills!—
Take up thy remnant and return!—
The Sword of the Lord is on you!

Out On the Road—In the World Alone.

Old plain farmhouse—
One and many a fine lad
Came of such, out from here;
Went in the world and fell.
But many have built a high career,
Done honor to thee well.

One that was reared, (family pioneer),
Admired, promising; was good cheer.
Tutored; taught: at the school.—
Who would thought *he 'd* be the fool,
To go in the world, be the tool
Of others who ruined many.

But as he grew, he knew, knew all—
Stopped not to think, them that did fall.
Was strong, bright, hardy, tall—
Brave: to him he could stand the storms,
Any tempest, any squall.

Raised in a home that is a home—
By him many a day many were made sad.
Little they knew where he was on his roam—
Yet to see him once in years were glad.

The old folks with their fair gray hair—
They were worried heart sore with the tare.
He had entered the trap, and in the snare,
That was laid for him obscured.

It not lengthened their days, nor lessened care;
It was not long 'fore they went over There.
He did not listen to advice, beware—
I can care for myself, do and dare.

This is the way great numbers go;
This is the way numbers continue, so.
This is the way that sin mows—
Mows down to death in hell.

Soon struck the bar, then a wreck:
Stranded in rum—as a derelict.
A good career just begun;
The brilliance gone, stopped—all done.

Then laughed at, scoffed at; by the world disowned:
Out on the road, in the world alone.
One was embraced in arms that was fair:
Watched by a Mother's tender care.

Reared with loved ones; o'er him cried—
Reasoning with him their patience tried.
Dead to the world, on the wayside lied.

It is their own fault—their badness sown;
Drifted here and there as the storm had blown.
They would, have had, the will of their own—
Then at the last, a sigh; a groan.

So, what was is not—lost here, lost There:
Done selves to death with the affair.
One sees with a glance and a stare
Another one here, too soon, death has mown.
"Out on the road—in the World alone."

Love Wasted.

No time did he waste or did spare;
But toiled, labored—cared for, took care.
Him and mother both stayed and died,
On the farm, in the farmhouse there.
They were so busy, anxious to earn;
Leave something for their boy—their heir.
Yet this boy he wasted that.

(Such again so seldom rise;
If they do,—if they did, again a surprise.)
These who sacrificed and deprived;
And to business day by day attend.
Their children to college they send.
With work, toil, wore fingers at end;
Yet many of their children fall.
Some succeed, some sink, some rally, some mend.

Many such souls had little pleasure here,
Afore they went beyond—There.
Some thought they tried to do aright;
They worked to help them all their might,
To keep their children from sin—the blight.
Love: Yet some of these they wasted that.

Christmas.

Christmas: when literature was born;
That was—now is.
The morn of all continual; good:
Yet the great, ungrateful man.

A new era then and now,
Now and Centuries ago.
How is man accounted so great so?
Yet the great, ungrateful man.

To fatten the body, some starved the mind;
What good are they?
Class of this kind.
Yet the would-be great, woman; man.

With some and many, divorce, separation;
Just because they changed their mind.
Pushed right aside—what good are they?
Class of this kind.

When at Christmas new era was born;
For the good of men.
Light, Christmas morn;
Yet the would-be great, ungrateful man.

The attitude *that has been* man's:
And the ungrateful Unitarians.
The great, but ungrateful man.

There Is Nothing Due.

As for me, there is nothing due—
I am a debtor.
Still owe for my existence,
Will still continue so.
For, I came not of myself—
Nor myself do go.

My life I cannot hold,
Neither keep, nor it control.
Liveth not on my own ground,
Neither supply it myself,
Nor the atmosphere around.
Have no claim on planet.

Vision to see—seeing is not mine.
How dependent am I—
On God's earth, turning in sky.
How I live I know not—just try.

Poor weak man that I am,
But being gracious I know that
A child of God I am a lamb.
I am honored—there is nothing due.

Dependent for sustenance
I myself do not sustain,
But ask my Creator in His Name.—
There is nothing due, for I am a debtor.

Not confined—for good constrained:—
There is nothing due

For I or you.
You receive, I receive.

You receive, I receive,
And fools they laugh.
There is nothing due—
Fools think so, and rue.

There are great things promised:
There is nothing due.
There is nothing due
But greatness is given.

Wonders—Marks.

That the World; Heavens, stay fixed in place.
That they are in unlimited space.
That God takes man in confidence,
According to man's grace.

Seen by the mark—show of a gentile;
Show of a spirit haughty or mild.
Show on a thief or one reconciled;
Show of modesty as in a child.
Show on tyrants; show of refine;
Show of birth, show of the wild.

It has been shown
For thee by mark.
Lighting from Heaven,
For thee, through the dark.
So 't is thy own cause
If ye would not see.

Yet did ye not see,
Could ye not tell?
When shown by the marks
When it was or not well.

Why did ye stumble,
And did ye not rise?
When shown the ignorance
By the mark of the wise.

What excuse is there
If gone the wrong?
When the marks in advance
Showed along.

Shown by the marks
On one, on all.—
Who is to blame
If fell—fall?—

Who is to blame if thyself is lost?
Who is the one it has cost?
Provision was made for ye to see—
Guided some always; spiritually.
Mark of the evil, mark of the grace,
As shown and known
By the mark on the face.

Mark and Marks of Jesus Christ:
Marked, and marked alone.
When He comes for His sheep,
He will know His own.

Mark and Marks that which say:
He knows His sheep to this day.
When He so comes, as a thief in the night:
It is not wrong, the mark is right.

Tobacco.

That dulls man's mind;
Yet he indulges stuff of this kind.
A stain to his teeth.
Against him but grasps it:
Adding more to his grief.

The habits of man;
When he knows the harm;
Yet with him little or no alarm.
Instead of a lift,
A push further down.

Tobacco for the killing—
For bugs of the rose.
But man picks up—takes hold.
Prepared for man, by man;
Man holds out his hand,

And into his mouth,
The poisonous slough.
Using in a way which was not meant—
But meant for another with poisonous scent.
For the killing of bugs,
On the bush of the rose.

Things created for one way,
Made foul of, used another.
Many things for one use,
But used in one and the other.
As one: tobacco for the killing,
For bugs of the rose.

Yet 't is made into—adapted—chose:
To use, yet to not use.
Created to destroy;
Not embrace, nor employ.

Man fought to be free,
Yet a slave are many.
Man has got so far free
Yet he drags to slave in slavery.—
Using: "For the killing of bugs,
On the bush of the rose."

Love.

Love: that which is given,
Taken, left, sent to and fro.
Love continual; on the go.
That which was brought—
Came to earth word and thought.

Distributed through mail everywhere:
Delivered, carried here and there.
Love upon which to lean—
Upon that which is, and is not seen.

Love: balm for a broken heart.
Love left: solace for those who part.
That which is not bought.—
Created.—Received.—Taught.

Yet some, do not keep; hold:
Send it out, for good unfold.
It some smother, vanish;
Silence, crush it, banish.

Love: highest, most of all;
Much raised up and then fall.
Love strong, but yet crushed;
By sin swept away.

Not asked for, but after sought—
Not forced, but given; needed.
Seeded, but can be cut off.—
Found; lost. Taken up; let down.
Tender, parted with a frown.—

Taken in, forced out—
Still, love is patient;
Yet, love awaits,
And by sin is bruised.
But not for long.

Appeared.

"And there shall come forth a rod
Out of the stem of Jesse,
And a Branch shall grow
Out of his roots:"

"And the spirit of the Lord
Shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge
And of the fear of the Lord;"

"And shall make him of quick understanding
In the fear of the Lord:
And he shall not judge
After the sight of his eyes,
Neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:"

"But with righteousness
Shall he judge the poor,
And reprove with equity
For the meek of the earth:
And he shall smite the earth
With the rod of his mouth,
And with the breath of his lips
Shall he slay the wicked."

"And righteousness shall be
The girdle of his loins,
And faithfulness
The girdle of his reins."
Appeared.

With Some, With Many.

They treasure the shell;
Throw away the kernel.

They seek the shadow
But not the substance;
Gathering Worldly things
But not Heavenly.

Keeping the case,
Overlooking the jewel.
Admiring the temple (body),
Instead of the spirit.
Their all in things visible,
Instead of invisible.

In darkness obscured,
When there is the Light.—
After all that 's been done;
With the Word to enlighten;
Yet with smallness, (vanity),
When within reach—the greatness.
But It 's not for long.

Had timely pleasure,
Neglected joy eternal.
They have the case,
But not the jewel.

They have the pleasure,
But not the peace.
With joy and happy,
But not with rest.
They have the temple
But keep it desolate.

With the strength of their hand
They think themselves prudent;
And the Hand on the Dial
Is nearing to Noon.

"At Hand"

"And in that day seven women
Shall take hold of one man, saying,
We will eat our own bread,
And wear our own apparel:
Only let us be called by thy name,
To take away our reproach."
"Fulfilled."

"And the hills did tremble,
And their carcasses were torn
In the midst of the streets."
"Fulfilled."

"For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given:
And the government
Shall be upon his shoulder:
And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God,
The everlasting Father,
The Prince of Peace."
"Fulfilled."

"Of the increase of his government and peace
There shall be no end,

Upon the throne of David,
And upon his kingdom, to order it,
To establish it with judgment
And with justice from henceforth even forever."
"At Hand."

"For every battle of the warrior
Is with confused noise,
And garments rolled in blood;
But this shall be with burning
And fuel of fire."
"At Hand."

"There shall come forth a rod
Out of the stem of Jesse.
They shall not hurt nor destroy
In all my holy mountain:
For the earth shall be full
Of the knowledge of the Lord,
As the waters cover the sea."
"Fulfilled."

"And in that day
There shall be a root of Jesse,
Which shall stand for an ensign
Of the people."
The day of the Lord is near,
"At Hand."

"How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace;

That bringeth good tidings of good,
That publisheth salvation;
That saith unto Zion,
Thy God reigneth!"

Reality.

The Christian of reality
Needs no moral government
To govern him;
For instead of destroying
He preserves.

Instead of taking
He gives, contributes.
Instead of breaking down
He seeks to build up.
Instead of harboring sin,
The more of righteousness.

The rod and the staff
Turns him not aside,
Instead, comforts him.
But the Jew stays not
On the One who smote him.

Instead.

Instead of being
What they should,
"The whole head is sick,

And the whole heart faint.
Hell hath enlarged herself,
And opened her mouth without measure."

Instead of being forward
They are away back.
"And He looked for judgment,
But behold oppression;
For righteousness,
But behold a cry.
And their honorable men are famished;
And their multitude dried up with thirst."

They are gone away back:
He will plead with the sword.
With His indignation
Will be thrust through.

The Burden of Babylon.

"The burden of Babylon,
Which Isaiah the son of Amoz did see,"

"Lift ye up a banner
Upon the high mountain.
Exalt the voice unto them,
Shake the hand,
That they may go
Into the gates of the nobles."

"I have commanded
My sanctified ones,

I have also called
My mighty ones for mine anger,
Even them that rejoice
In my highness."

"The noise of a multitude
In the mountains,
Like as of a great people;
A tumultuous noise of the kingdoms
Of nations gathered together:
The Lord of hosts
Mustereth the host of the battle."

"They come from a far country,
From the end of heaven,
Even the Lord,
And the weapons of his indignation,
To destroy the whole land."

"Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand;
It shall come as a destruction
From the Almighty."

Countenance.

"The shew of their countenance
Doth witness against them."
All hands shall be faint:
And every man's heart shall melt.

"And they shall be afraid:
Pangs and sorrows
Shall take hold of them;
They shall be in pain
As a woman that travaileth:"

"They shall be amazed
One at another;
Their faces shall be
As flames."

"Behold, the day
Of the Lord cometh,
Cruel both with wrath
And fierce anger,
To lay the land desolate:
And he shall destroy
The sinners thereof
Out of it."

"For the stars of heaven
And the constellations thereof
Shall not give their light:
The sun shall be darkened
In his going forth,
And the moon shall not cause
Her light to shine."

"And I will punish the world
For their evil, and the wicked
For their iniquity;
And I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease,
And will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible."

"I will make a man more precious
Than fine gold;
Even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."

"Therefore I will shake the heavens,
And the earth shall remove
Out of her place,
In the wrath of the Lord of hosts,
And in the day
Of his fierce anger."

"And it shall be
As a chased roe,
And as a sheep
That no man taketh up:
They shall every man
Turn to his own people,
And flee every one
Into his own land."

"Every one that is found
Shall be thrust through;
And every one that is joined unto them
Shall fall by the sword."

The Sins of the Chosen.

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened,
That it cannot save;
Neither his ear heavy,
That it cannot hear:"

"But your iniquities have separated
Between you and your God,
And your sins have hid
His face from you, that he will not hear."

"For your hands are defiled with blood,
And your fingers with iniquity;
Your lips have spoken lies,
Your tongue hath muttered perverseness."

"None calleth for justice,
Nor any pleadeth for truth:
They trust in vanity,
And speak lies;
They conceive mischief,
And bring forth iniquity."

"They hatch cockatrice' eggs,
And weave the spider's web:
He that eateth of their eggs dieth,
And that which is crushed
Breaketh out into a viper."

"Their webs shall not become garments,
Neither shall they cover themselves
With their works:
Their works are works of iniquity,
And the act of violence
Is in their hands."

"Their feet run to evil,
And they make haste

To shed innocent blood:
Their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity;
Wasting and destruction
Are in their paths."

"The way of peace they know not;
And there is no judgment
In their goings:
They have made them crooked paths:
Whosoever goeth therein
Shall not know peace."

Iniquities of the Chosen.

"I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not: I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name."

"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts;"

"A people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face; that sacrificeth in gardens, and burneth incense upon altars of brick;"

"Which remain among the graves, and lodge in the monuments, which eat swine's flesh, and broth of abominable things is in their vessels;"

"Which say, Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou. These are a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day."

"Behold, it is written before me: I will not keep silence, but will recompense, even recompense into their bosom,

"Your iniquities, and the iniquities of your fathers together, saith the Lord, which have burned incense upon the mountains, and blasphemed me upon the hills: therefore will I measure their former work into their bosom."

See Ye—Hear Ye.

"All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, SEE YE, when he lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet, HEAR YE."

"For so the Lord said unto me, I will take my rest, and I will consider in my dwelling place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of the harvest."

"For afore the harvest, when the bud is perfect, and the sour grape is ripening in the flower, he shall both cut off the sprigs with pruning hooks, and take away and cut down the branches."

"They shall be left together unto the fowls of the mountains, and to the beasts of the earth: and the fowls shall summer upon them, and all the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them."

"In that time shall the present be brought unto the

Lord of hosts of a people scattered and peeled, and from a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation meted out and trodden under foot, whose land the rivers have spoiled, to the place of the name of the Lord of hosts, the mount Zion."

When Finished—The Last.

The cry and wail—but no response.
The time and day gone—the last.
'T is over—finished—and 't is past.

The gnashing of teeth—but no response.
Sin and evil passed their day—
No more hope; light, not a ray.

For they stood deaf—gave no response.
Before 't was finished had the call;
To save their soul, or lose all.

The end, the last, and no response.
Ye watched not, as, through the night—
Ye waited not, as for His light.

When He cometh, then no response.
He now knows those, His sheep;
(When He cometh)—whether quick or asleep.

Where'er they are, where'er they be,
Whate'er they 're doing—on land, on sea:
Some left standing and some taken.

The gathering in—His not forsaken.
The Finish—the End; the unknown passed.—
"I never knew you"; no response:—"the last."
"Abomination."

Behold.

"BEHOLD my servant, whom I uphold;
Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth;
I have put my Spirit upon him:
He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles."

"He shall not cry,
Nor lift up, nor cause his voice
To be heard in the street."

"A bruised reed shall he not break,
And the smoking flax
Shall he not quench:
He shall bring forth judgment unto truth."

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged,
Till he have set judgment in the earth:
And the isles shall wait for his law."

Now at Hand.

"And he will lift up an ensign
To the nations from far,
And will hiss unto them from the end of the earth:
And, behold, they shall come with speed swiftly:"

"None shall be weary nor stumble among them;
None shall slumber nor sleep;
Neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed,
Nor the latchet of their shoes be broken:"

"Whose arrows are sharp,
And all their bows bent,
Their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint,
And their wheels like a whirlwind:"

"Their roaring shall be like a lion,
They shall roar like young lions:
Yea, they shall roar, and lay hold of the prey,
And shall carry it away safe, and none shall deliver
it."

("And he shall set up an ensign for the nations,
And shall assemble the outcasts of Israel,
And gather together the dispersed of Judah
From the four corners of the earth.")
Now—at hand.

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